

home, from my mamma, I have been whipt, I am not suffered to play with good boys, nor to read as they do, but it is my own fault; indeed, indeed, I must grow better, or I shall be hated by every body, and be always uneasy. He sat a long time observing in how good-natured a manner all the young gentleman behaved, and spoke to each other, and comparing himself with them, was filled with shame. When they went in, he followed them at a distance. His heart was so full of grief, that he could eat no supper, and he cried almost all the night.

The next morning he behaved extremely well at breakfast; and Mr. Teachum gave him leave to read, which he did greatly to the satisfaction of his tutor, who told him, that he saw by his looks he was concern-
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ed for having been naughty. You have been a very good boy this morning, added he, and must be delighted with the change in yourself. Go on as you have begun, and you shall want no encouragement. How glad will your mamma be to have a good account of you; but I shall stay, till I find you continue good, before I inform her of your laudable behaviour. Master Newsted fell upon his knees, and bursting into tears, begged of Mr. Teachum to forgive him: that good man embraced him: the young gentlemen all kissed him, and told him, they should rejoice to find him always good.

According'y, by attending to their behaviour, and observing his tutor's advice, he became as excellent as they were; though he used often to say when he was praised, I wish I had
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